

Real estate listings including Madison City, Union Creek, W. J. Barnes Addition, and various lots with descriptions and prices.

Real estate listings for Madison City, Union Creek, and W. J. Barnes Addition, including lot numbers and prices.

POSSUM HUNTER'S STORY

THE POSSUM HUNTER OF TENNESSEE TELLS OF A VISION.

It Was About Coons and Possums by the Hundreds in His Dream, Which, as Events Proved, Was All a Monstrous, Tarnashun Lie.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. E. Lewis.]

"The roof of our cabin had bin leanin fur half a year, I reckon," began old Zeb White as I asked him for a story, "but as it didn't rain more'n once a week and as the leak didn't do any great hurt I wasn't breakin my back to fix it. The old woman didn't say nuthin till one mornin she got up with a headache and was teebly. Seem how it was, I didn't say nuthin to provoke her, but she burned her hand ag'in the stove, stubbed her toe and finally bust-ed out on me with:

"Zeb White, of all the shlockety critters on this here Cumberland moun'tain nobody kin hold a candle to yo'!"

"What's wrong with me?" says I. "Heaps and heaps of things. This old cabin is reg'larly fallin to pieces fur the want of a day's work, but yo' ain't man 'nuff to take hold and fix things."

"I'll fix that leak tomorrow."

"That's the old song. Yo'll go right at it this morn' or thar'll be a row."

"Look here, now," says I, speakin as softly as I could, "I'll work all day to-



"ARE YOU NAME ZEB WHITE?"

morrow, but today I've got to go up to them limestone caves. I had a powerful vision last night. In my vision I saw a cave, and that cave was chuck full of coons and possums. I can't say what bring the varmints together, but thar they was, and thar was 500 of 'em."

"I don't believe nuthin of the sort," says the old woman. "Yo' are allus hevin visions 'bout bars and coons and possums, but nobody ever knowed yo' to hev a vision 'bout choppin wood or hoein corn."

"She was right 'bout that," said Zeb, with a smile, "but it riled me up jest the same. I answered back purty briskly, and she got mo' sassy, and so we had a row. I got up from the table and took my gun and whistled to the dawg and started off, and the old woman called out to me that she hoped I'd be clawed by wildcats. I wasn't yarin 'bout thar vision. I was lyn on my back in bed, eyes wide open, when that vision riz up befo' me, and I seen things o' clear that I fell into a tremble. Thar was a cave full of coons and possums, and I went in and slayed 'em by the hundreds and got 'nuff money out of their skins to buy me a new. I wanted to fix that leak, of co'se, but it seemed a powerful sin to let that vision go by. I hadn't got more'n half a mile from the house when the dawg begun to hang back. The critter allus 'peared to take the old woman's side whenever we had a row. When I noticed him hangin back, I yelled out at him and grabbed up a club, but he went out of sight like a rabbit. I wanted that dawg to hold the mouth of the cave while I went in and slaughtered the varmints, and I jest made up my mind to kill him when I got home. Thar was three caves, and it was a six mile trip. The middle cave was the biggest, and when I reached it I looked all around fur tracks. Not one was to be found, but that didn't discourage me. I peered around fur a spell and then went in. It was a narrow openin, and the cave was dark, but I had brung along a taller candle. I lighted the candle and begun to look about me.

"Dod rot it, but what a fule a man kin make of himself when he tries!" exclaimed the old man after a pause. "Anybody of sense knows that coons and possums don't go hangin around caves. That vision was a tarnashun lie. That cave was as big as half an acre, and I walked all over it and found nuthin. I was mad and kickin myself when I started to go out, but I hadn't gone

fur when the roof of the cave 'peared to fall down upon me. Mebbe it was half an hour later when I opened my eyes and found myself on my back, and it seemed as if one side of my head had bin caved in. I found my rifle with the stock broken, and I could smell 'bar all around. It didn't take me long to floger out that a 'bar had follered me into the cave and fetched me a whack 'longside the head. In a morn' I heard him snifflin and movin 'round outside the cave, and as I crawled along I found him on guard. He was lyn down fair in the way, and I was his prisoner. If my rifle had bin all right, I could hev got rid of him in short order, but it couldn't be fired.

"As the 'bar heard me movin up he showed his teeth and growled in a way to make my 'bar stand up. He didn't come in after me, but it was plain 'nuff that he wasn't goin to let me out. I thought it was best to keep still fur awhile and see if he wouldn't go away, and, d'yo' know, sub, to the best of my belief that critter went right to sleep. I couldn't git out without steppin over him, and it was too risky to try thar. I kept quiet fur two hours, and he never moved. Then I flung a stone at him, and he woke up and growled till I had a chill.

"Mebbe yo'll say I order hev taken comfort in that cave, but when I found the afternoon wearin away and the 'bar hangin on I was mighty miserable over it. The 'bars of Tennessee owed me a powerful grudge for the way I had slaughtered them, and who was to tell what this critter proposed to do? He could finish me off any time he wanted to, but he 'peared to be playin another game. Bimby it come dark, but he didn't move. I was hungry and thirsty, and I knowed the old woman would be worryin, even though she was mad. The 'bar didn't move off, however, and at last I softly crept as fur away as I could and went to sleep. I don't reckon he come nigh me durin the night, but he might hev slipped away fur food or drink. He was thar all right when daylight broke, and then I was so mad and hungry that I got desperate. With the rifle bar'l in my hands I advanced to the mouth of the cave and yelled fur him to come in and hev it out with me. He wouldn't do it. He growled and roared and clawed, but he wouldn't come in. It was a narrow place to git out, and he had all the advantage. I yelled and whooped and flung stones and called him names, but he let me tire myself out. Noon come, and he was still thar. I had another row with him, and if he'd bin a proper 'bar he'd hev come in and showed his grit, but he staid outside and growled.

"I looked fur the old woman all that afternoon, but she didn't come. I had an old shotgun in the house, and I knowed that if she come she'd lead it with buckshot and bring it along. If the 'bar waited fur her, he was a go'er. Night come along ag'in, and I was b'illin over with madness and ready to eat nails from hunger. The only thing I could do was to sleep, but it was a nightmare all through the long dark hours. I kin tell yo' I was mighty glad to see the daylight ag'in. I went to look fur the 'bar, and he was in the same old place and as cheerful as ever. We had a jaw, but he wouldn't fight. I made up my mind to wait about two hours and then kill or be killed, but I was out of the cave before that time. The old woman had come huntin fur me, and she got clus up to that 'bar and fired a handful of buckshot into him befo' he knowed what was up. As I crawled out of the cave she looked at me fur a morn' and then keersly said:

"'Tears to me I've seen yo' befo'."

"Are yo' name Zeb White?"

"That's it," says I.

"Ginerally spoken of as the possum hunter of Tennessee?"

"Yes."

"Man what has visions of coons and possums in a cave?"

"I thought it was a vision."

"Yes, I know, but it was mighty sing'lar that when yo' was hevin a vision of coons and the possums yo' didn't see nuthin of the 'bar. Zeb White, yo' come 'long home and go to work on that cabin roof and let visions and dreams go to pot."

"I was glad 'nuff to do so," explained the old man, with a sorrowful smile. "I tagged along behind her till we reached home, expectin she would hev mo' to say, but she was mighty good about it. She cooked me the biggest meal I had ever eat, and she let me go to bed and sleep fur 20 hours, and all she said was:

"Zeb, yer's nails and hammer and boards, and now yo' hev a vision 'bout leaks in the roof of this cabin."

M. QUAD.

A Salty Tale.

The old saying that the way to catch a bird is to put salt on its tail has been verified by little Jimmy Belew, who lives in Naudain street. Jimmy was sent by his grandmother for two bags of salt for some domestic operation already in progress. After an hour's absence he returned in a high state of excitement, crying, "I've got the bird!" Sure enough, he had a sparrow clutched tightly in his fist. "But where's the salt?" asked his grandmother. "Oh, the salt," said Jimmy. "Why, thar's around the corner in the middle of the street."

Investigation showed that the boy, returning from his errand, saw some sparrows on the car track. He opened one bag and poured out the contents, which the birds proceeded to investigate. Then he threw the contents of the other bag on top of the sparrows, submerging them sufficiently to capture one before it could extricate itself from the avalanche of salt.—Philadelphia Record.

Very Different.

A man may stand on a sinking ship at sea or plunge through the vortex of destruction upon the field of battle and still be self possessed, but it's different with him when he finds that he has been sitting on fresh paint.—Chicago Times Herald.

KISSING OUR BOYS GOOD NIGHT.

Oh, what a change comes over things, What quiet fills the place! The winter evening slowly drags, The purple flames that race. Far up the chimney seem to shed Less cheerful warmth and light When, putting on their little gowns, We kiss our boys good night.

We follow them as off they go, With ringing laugh and shout, To fondly tuck them in the bed And turn the gaslight out.

And, clasped in one another's arms So warm and snug and tight, They fill our hearts with worship When we kiss our boys good night.

When we kiss our boys good night, When we kiss our boys good night, We kiss our boys good night.

Then, looking to the future, Into whose mysterious years They must go to meet life's issues, Now with gladness, now in tears, We pray that he may lead them Ever in the path of right.

When no more beneath our roof-tree We may kiss our boys good night, We may kiss our boys good night.

—W. L. Sanford in Galveston News.

When a Man's Famous.

He belongs not to His Family, but to the World of Cranks.

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

Ferdinand Markiewicz, the literary pride of Warsaw, flung his pen on the table and threw himself back in his chair with a violence that made that piece of furniture groan.

His young wife, who had come in ostensibly to look for her workbasket, though she knew it wasn't there, looked up at him anxiously and said:

"So tired, dear?"

"Tired! I can scarcely breathe!"

"Why don't you rest for a few days?"

"I think I will. I must, in fact, no matter what happens." He stretched himself on the sofa and continued:

"The editor of The Review was here today. I have promised him the first chapter of 'Blessed Spirits' for Friday, so that he can begin printing it immediately after the holidays. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, only four days! And then—it makes me shiver to think of it—I shall not have an hour to myself for a month at least. Then I've got to finish 'At High Pressure' for The Journal, correct the proofs of 'Hard Luck' and see it through the press. Heavens, it makes my head swim!"

His wife folded her hands, a sign that she had something serious to say and intended to say it, and walked over to the sofa. "Ferdinand," she said, "if you won't think of yourself at least have some consideration for your wife and children. You go to bed at 2 and get up before 8. You know no Sunday, no holiday. How long do you think you are going to stand it? And what will become of us if you break down?"

The writer passed his hand over his knitted brow. "You are right, quite right, my dear Anulka. For the space of three whole days from this moment I swear I won't touch a pen, and I'll try to forget what ink looks like. Where are the children? Let me play with them." He sprang to his feet, opened the door and called:

"Zofia! Marynia! Come here! Two pretty little girls 4 and 5 years of age come romping into the room.

"Papa want Marynia?" cried the youngest, who was not yet on good terms with her "P's."

"Yes, my child. Come and play with papa. What shall we play?"

"Oh, frogs!" Zofia exclaimed, and Marynia echoed:

"Good! Frogs it is! Down on your hands and knees!"

"But they will ruin their clothes," the mother objected, laughing.

"Oh, bother the clothes! Come on, girls! Hands and knees!"

Then there was a great hubbub of frogs jumping and croaking in soprano and baritone, according to age, mingled with staccato remarks, such as:

"Heavens! This is immense! Three days! No pen and ink! Nothing but play!"

In the midst of it all the door bell rang.

"Not at home!" croaked the bullfrog and "Not at home!" piped the froglets, and all three jumped higher than ever.

The door opened. In the doorway appeared a servant, who for a moment was stricken dumb by the strange scene.

When he recovered his wits, he said, "It was the postman, and he brought these," holding out a mass of letters and packages.

"Put them on the table and get out!" cried the famous author, making a spring for little Marynia.

The man obeyed and went off, shaking his head.

A minute later, however, the writer roused to his feet.

every moment belongs to the public and that your leisure hours should be sacred!"

"Oh!" groaned the author, pulling a long face, but Anulka calmly went on: "But I also know that your heart, as great as your genius, embraces all humanity and beats in sympathy with every suffering. I am the chairman of the committee for the relief of poor young ladies who are too proud to work. Our means are small, our needs enormous. The situation indeed is so desperate that the very existence of our society, one of the most useful in the city, is in jeopardy. But if you, honored master, will bestow upon us out of the fullness of your portfolios the manuscript of a novel or even a short story we can offer it at auction."

"Enough!" Markiewicz interrupted in a rage. "The devil take them! Portfolios? What portfolios? Do they think I've got MSS. to burn? Here I am with three or four editors screaming for copy, and they talk about portfolios! How's the thing signed?"

"Eulalia Kuku."

"May a hawk fly away with her!"

"Please don't be so cross, Ferdinand!" the little woman mildly remonstrated.

"It isn't my fault, you know." He caught her hand and kissed it. "Forgive me, my treasure. But look at it. I'm worked to death already, and along comes this Eulalia Kuku and wants me to write a novel for her! Well, let's have the next one." His wife rummaged among the correspondence and pulled out a bulky package, the sight of which nearly made the author fall off his chair. "Great heavens!" he cried. "A manuscript! But there is a letter attached to it, I see." Anulka opened the letter and began:

"Master, the words which thou readest are a confession. Thou hast 'twelt in my heart and slept in my bosom,' as the poet saith, and thou art the father of my child!" Ferdinand!

Anulka dropped the letter and gazed at her husband with distended eyes.

He moved uneasily in his chair and said: "That must be a figure of speech. Give me the letter. I will read it myself."

But Anulka had retrieved the precious epistle and clasped it to her bosom as if she would defend it with her life.

"Not for the world!" she replied. "I will know the whole truth."

She read on:

"I have sat at thy feet like a little violet at the foot of a mighty oak, for have not the lowly at least the right to hide themselves in the shadow of the great? So I, even I, fly to thy protection. I am a young!"

"Fool!" Markiewicz interposed.

"I'm a young girl, but I love literature and would serve it—oh, so gladly—if I could hear a word of encouragement from thy lips.

"To be sure, mamma and Aunt Andzia and Cousin Zozio are unstinted in their praises, but I am afraid they may be prejudiced, so I await thy judgment. I know that thy time is the property of the whole nation, but I trust to thy goodness and send thee these six poor volumes of my romance, 'On Broken Pinions.' Read it. Thou art the cause of its existence, therefore pronounce not sentence of death on this infant that I have brought into the world under thy influence."

Markiewicz drew a long breath. Didn't I tell you it was a figure of speech. Throw the 'infant' into the waste basket. What! Read six volumes of illegible manuscript? Never! And you wouldn't believe it was a figure of speech?"

"Please forgive me, Ferdinand!" Anulka pleaded very meekly.

"Oh, with pleasure," replied Markiewicz, whom the happy negotiation of this piece of thin ice had put into great good humor. "Read the next one, my love. Anulka read:

"Honored Sir—I am by choice and profession a philosopher, devoted to psychical studies. At present I am engaged in a psycho-physiological research, the object of which is to determine the influence of different varieties of fresh food upon intellectual and especially upon creative power. Do you, for example, work most easily on a beef diet or upon lamb chops or veal cutlets? Which meat do you find best for the delineation of character and which for the description of natural scenes? I inclose a printed form of questions, such as I am sending to all the great thinkers of Europe, and I beg you to have the goodness to fill out the blanks, adding such additional remarks as your experience may suggest, and return at your earliest convenience. As the holidays are approaching you will, I trust, find time to write the few hurried lines necessary, especially in view of the fact that the subject is of world-wide importance."

Markiewicz bounded from his seat and snatched the letter from his wife's hands, exclaiming, "Oh, that I might kick him down stairs!"

"My dear Ferdinand!"

"Oh, I apologize! What comes next? Read, read, and let us get through with them!"

"Hadn't we better leave the rest until tomorrow?"

"No! Read, I tell you; read!"

She read:

"I know that each of your minutes is a pearl in the crown of genius, and therefore I will make little demand on your time. But it has been the dream of my youth and of my riper years to see you face to face, and with this sole object I have come from my country home. I dare not come to you lest I disturb your inspirations, but if you would give a moment of happiness to a wretched, despairing woman let me see you, I beg you, if only from afar. I know not at what hours you are free, so for the next three days from 2 to 6 in the afternoon I shall walk up and down the Cracow avenue between Zyguntowska and Krolenska streets. Will you be there, or would you prefer

another place and time? For I will not believe that you will fail me altogether, for a great genius bespeaks a tender heart."

"I hope she'll walk her legs off!" growled the author.

His wife said "Ferdinand!" again. This time he kissed her on the lips.

"Forgive me, puss!" he said. "But just picture me running up and down the street from 2 to 6—like a dog!"

He was pacing the room and working himself up into a fury. "Throw the rag into the wastebasket and read the next one," he said. "Or, no! Read no more. I know the others. They are all from editors, and each editor wants an article within a week."

He counted the remaining letters. "Eight!" he cried. "Did you ever hear the like? Put some butter on them and give them to the dog. Eight letters!"

At this moment the servant entered with a box and a note that had just been left at the door.

Anulka opened the box. "What's this?" she exclaimed joyously.

"Frogs. Beautiful, green, rubber frogs that can be wound up, for here is a key. Who can have sent them, I wonder? Oh, won't Zofia and Marynia be delighted!"

"Read the note," her husband suggested. "There may be some mistake."

The note ran:

"Beloved Master—I frequently meet your charming wife and your dear little girls at church. I don't wish to flatter, but I must say that I never saw lovelier children or a sweeter little mother."

"That's the first decent letter today," said the author, smiling. "A good, honest soul. Go on."

"I send your children two mechanical frogs—from Paris and the latest thing out. I hope they will amuse your darlings and so give pleasure to your dear wife and yourself."

"That's the right sort of a letter," exclaimed Markiewicz, much affected. "Read on."

"But you can get nothing for nothing in this world, you know. Do you remember the promise you made me at Misia Pupowska's wedding, four years ago? You promised to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Association For Improving the Condition of Young Soaks. Now I knock at your door. The holidays are approaching, you will be at leisure, and the Young Soaks are freezing. May one trust the word of a poet? Have you forgotten? Will you refuse my request?"

"Who—who on earth wrote that?" asked the author in a tone of dejection.

Anulka read the last lines: "With best wishes for you and yours, your little friend, Skrzeczkowska."

"I'm! I don't exactly recollect. I'm not sure. Perhaps I did promise."

He rubbed his chin. "Yes, I did promise, the little thing teased me so. And now these toys and that nice letter—well, I can surely hammer out some sort of a lecture during the holidays. Hang the luck!"

"Oh, Ferdinand!" exclaimed Anulka, horrified.

But he was pacing up and down again and muttering: "It has got to be done. There's no help for it—! Pardon, my dear. This is my holiday, you know. I shall soon have to go to writing again."

The next instant he was down on all fours, jumping and croaking like a frog and still crying:

"This is my holiday!"—Translated from the Polish For New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Reign of King Cotton.

Europe is anxiously reaching out for whatever remains of last year's cotton crop in the United States. The exportation of cotton in April, 1900, was 9.3 cents and in April, 1899, 6.3 cents, an increase of about 50 per cent. The United Kingdom increased her importation of American cotton from 52,000,000 pounds in April, 1899, to 89,000,000 pounds in April, 1900; France, from 9,000,000 pounds in April, 1899, to 13,000,000 pounds in April, 1900; Germany, from 15,500,000 pounds in April, 1899, to nearly 88,000,000 pounds in April, 1900, and other European countries, from 40,000,000 pounds in April, 1899, to 64,000,000 pounds in April, 1900.

Japan, which had been busy in the earlier part of the year obtaining her supply, did not take as much in April, 1900, as in April, 1899, the figures being in April, 1899, 13,707,648 pounds and in April, 1900, 5,935,573 pounds. During the ten months ending with April, however, Japan took 155,583,547 pounds against 171,778,701 pounds in the corresponding months of the preceding fiscal year, while England had during the ten months taken but 1,082,230,118 pounds against 1,707,242,462 pounds in the corresponding months of last year, the total for the other European countries in 1900 being about equal to that of the corresponding months of 1899.

Meantime the American manufacturers are also taking time by the forelock in sight, even at the advanced prices, which are now very much in excess of those a year ago. The latest quotations received by the bureau of statistics show the price of cotton in New York to be 9.31 cents on May 25 and on April 20 9.13 cents, while the figures for one year earlier were 6 1/2 cents for May 20, 1899, and 6 1/2 cents for April 15, 1899, an increase of 50 per cent during the 12 months.